the Queen of Night. My room happened to be facing east, and the moon could be seen quite clearly from where I sat. It was quite in the early part of the night and I had sat nearly an hour enjoying the moon-light, when something very peculiar began to take place. It appeared to me as if the moon had begun to recede further and further away from my view, becoming smaller and smaller as she receded, till at last she disappeared altogether, and her disc was nowhere to be seen, although there resulted no appreciable diminution of the light. All else appeared exactly as before, only the disc of the moon was not to be seen* Moreover, as the moon began to disappear, I remember that I felt a sort of a pull within my inner consciousness, just as one would feel, if he were to see some tempting morsels of food placed before him when he was hungry and were taken away the moment he tried to lay his hands on them. The moon must have hidden itself behind a cloud, I thought, and I craned my neck in order to verify my

assumption, but,
lo! the sky was all clear, with not the
slightest
trace of any cloud in the horizon; I
tried to draw
the attention of the man in the
next cell, in